

Charlie Chaplin
George Armstrong Custer
Allen W. Dulles*
Laurel and Hardy
General Bullmoose
Fearless Fosdick
Paul Bunyan's Blue Ox, Babe

*The Living Legend, late the director of the CIA,
 reviewed by a former employee, Harold Cooper*

CPYRGHT

IT'S VERY KIND of ya," he roared. "Yah, yah, yah . . . I'll have to take an aeroplane — ah-cause of the time, yah." Thus Allen W. Dulles on the phone, putting enough energy into it to power a small farm. I arrived for my 3:30 appointment. He comes out, is intercepted at the door by his public relations man. They yakkity-yak behind the door for a few minutes. Laughter. I begin with him, and the phone takes him—to learn of somebody's death. He returns. One of the top bottle-washers dashes in with an urgent cable: "I felt it important enough for you to see before Admiral Radford arrives." Yes, Bob Cutler should see this.

Frank Wisner, chief of operations, puts his head in the door: "We'll wait for you down the hall, Allen." But Dulles gestures Wisner to come inside. "I want to see you before I go."

I zipped up my case, said I'd try again another day. In the hall stood Richard Helms. "The high-level negotiator," he teased, having often been in the same situation himself.

The sterility of an assignment which I had not sought (an impractical aspect of operations for which AWD had a weakness), did not prevent me from remaining susceptible to Allen Dulles' charm. I thought of Napoleon's consolation: "The world is such nowadays that

in order to be a success it is necessary to be a charlatan." Allen Dulles was certainly a success.

When Kennedy arrived in the White House he was confronted with the Government's plan to unseat Castro by landing exiled Cubans on the island and overthrowing the dictator. CIA was in charge of the plan and Allen Dulles was in charge of CIA. At this time the young President was dealing with an Allen Dulles who, though sixty-seven years old, was hale, handsome, virile, the herd of a thousand public relations maneuvers.

Dulles had almost missed the big time by spending ten years of his youth in the diplomatic service. But his older brother, John Foster Dulles, was doing right by the family in the law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell. ("Don't you think that is a little risky, Mr. Secretary?" "I did not become a senior partner in Sullivan and Cromwell without taking risks.")

So at the age of thirty-two, while assigned to the State Department, Allen Dulles took a law degree in his spare time at George Washington University, whereby he was able to proceed to Wall Street and join his brother, who had earlier made it plain that nothing could be done for him until that law degree was in hand.

Sixteen years later, in 1942, Dulles was sent by Wild Bill Donovan to

Switzerland for the OSS, the wartime forerunner of CIA. In the neutral center of Switzerland Allen Dulles was able to maintain contact with Hitler's enemies within Germany.

The foundation of the legend was laid with the surrender of German forces in Italy and southern Austria. Allen Dulles was the communications center for all parties to the surrender, and he is credited with having brought the war on this front to an end perhaps as much as a week earlier than otherwise would have occurred. This is more of an achievement than it sounds to those who have not been on a front.

And so AWD went back to Wall Street for six years. In 1951 he returned to Washington to become Deputy Director of CIA. In that year the reformist Prime Minister of Iran, Mossadegh, nationalized Iranian oil. He was not overthrown until 1953, and in that year Allen Dulles rose to become Director of CIA.

By this time John Foster Dulles had been appointed Secretary of State upon the election of President Eisenhower. And since CIA is in fact if not in law the left hand of the Department of State, it was regarded as really wonderful to have the two brothers thus working together.

During the Cold War, however, the Government had to develop ambidex-

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